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June 19th to July 6th

LAWRENCE REALIZATION, JULY 6th

Order of Stake Events

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24th

The Surf

The Mermaid

THURSDAY, JUNE 25th

The Swift

FRIDAY, JUNE 26th

The Sheepshead Bay

Handicap

SATURDAY, JUNE 27th

The Beacon Steeplechase

The Great Trial

The Coney Island Jockey

Club Stakes

MONDAY, JUNE 29th

The Zephyr

TUESDAY, JUNE 30th

The Spindrift

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1st

The Vernal

The Advance

THURSDAY, JULY 2d

The Long Island Handicap

FRIDAY, JULY 3d

The Thistle

SATURDAY, JULY 4th

The Independence

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LIFE



THE GENTLE ART

"GOT THE HOOKS AND LINES?" "NO, COULDN'T FIND ANY."
 "NEVER MIND! WE'LL PROBABLY FIND A STORE SOMEWHERE; ANY BAIT?" "NO."
 "WELL, WE CAN DIG SOME, MAYBE; DID YOU BRING THE FLASK?" "BY JOVE! I FORGOT IT."
 "GOOD LORD! THAT MEANS A THREE-MILE WALK BACK TO THE HOTEL."

Miramar

MEET me to-night by the lemon and date,
 Where the pampas nods in the scented calm,
 And the orange droops o'er the garden gate,
 And flings her apples of gold at the palm.
 The roses will sleep, and the passion-flower
 Will waver and throb like the soul of a star,
 And the waves in the afterglow of the hour
 Will curve and dimple at Miramar.

The eucalyptus will bend and croon
 Over the avenue, where they toss,
 And the lilies will tremble and sigh and swoon
 Where the arms of the pepper-tree reach across.
 And the moon, unfurling her crescent sail,
 Shall sweep to the infinite blue afar,
 And burnish the foam with a silvery trail
 That brings its treasures to Miramar.

Meet me to-night by the garden gate,
 Follow the path to the sunset sea;
 Dream of my life, ere it be too late,
 Come from the shadowy past to me.
 We met of old on the eastern shore,
 And you drifted west, o'er the harbor bar;
 I wait your coming, and o'er and o'er,
 I hear you singing at Miramar.

Ah, sweet, pale moon, as you love and wait,
 Holding the heart of the sea in your hand,
 You know the passions that animate,
 You see beyond, and you understand;
 How the wraiths of memory cling to me,
 And the dreams that were may be dreams that are,
 Bringing my pearls by the sunset sea,
 Where love is ever the guiding star,
 Swinging away to the great To Be,
 From the sun-kissed valley of Miramar.

Emma Playter Seabury.

EVERY silver lining has a cloud.



"HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI JUNE 25, 1908 No. 1339

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



vance any respectable reason for doubting that Secretary Taft will be nominated at Chicago on the first ballot. No other possibility is any longer discussed, so carefully and conclusively the preliminary measures have been taken, and so certain they seem to be of producing the expected result.

What is discussed, besides the uncertainties that still veil the identity of the tail of the ticket, is the great care and hardihood with which the preliminaries have been looked after. The President and his assistants have seen to it that there should be no trifling with even the smallest chance. Every nail that could help to make assurance positive has been driven home where it belonged. Not a delegate has been spared (except a very few from Louisiana) that the rulings of the party court could retain. The very thoroughness of the job—its relentless effectiveness—have exposed the leading artificer to a generous bombardment of criticism, in which bitterness and admiration were curiously mixed up.

All that, however, the President has endured with cheerful philosophy. It has not been altogether pleasing to see him dictate the selection of his successor. But come, now, citizen-critics, what would you have? Suppose the President had kept his hands off altogether, whom

would the convention have nominated? Roosevelt, without a doubt; partly because the delegates wanted him, partly because he seemed the easiest candidate to elect. But he had said he would not run, and had meant it. The surest way to make his word good was to back another candidate and back him so strongly as to compass his nomination.



THAT is what Mr. Roosevelt did, and at this writing nobody doubts that he has done it successfully. He clinched the nail he drove when he said he would not run again by making it certain that Taft should run. His announcement that he would not himself be a candidate again was received with incredulity—with jeering incredulity in thousands of cases—for three years. Yet he has stuck like wax to that declaration and neglected no effort or expedient to make it practically good. To that end, finally, it became necessary to insure as far as human intelligence could contrive it that the convention, after one or two futile ballots, should not be stampeded. That is what at this writing seems to have been effected.

The only real choice, all circumstances considered, that the President has had was whether his critics should have the chance to call him an autocrat or a liar. If he had failed to get Taft nominated, the malignants would have said that he had not half tried, and if a stampede had thrust the nomination back on himself as the only man who could carry on "the policies," they would have said that so he had all along intended to have it work out, and that there never before was so adroit a politician on the earth. As it is, or as, at this writing, it seems doomed to be, they can only say that he is the awful bulldozer on this or any other planet, and whatever solace they can find in that it would be mean to begrudge them.



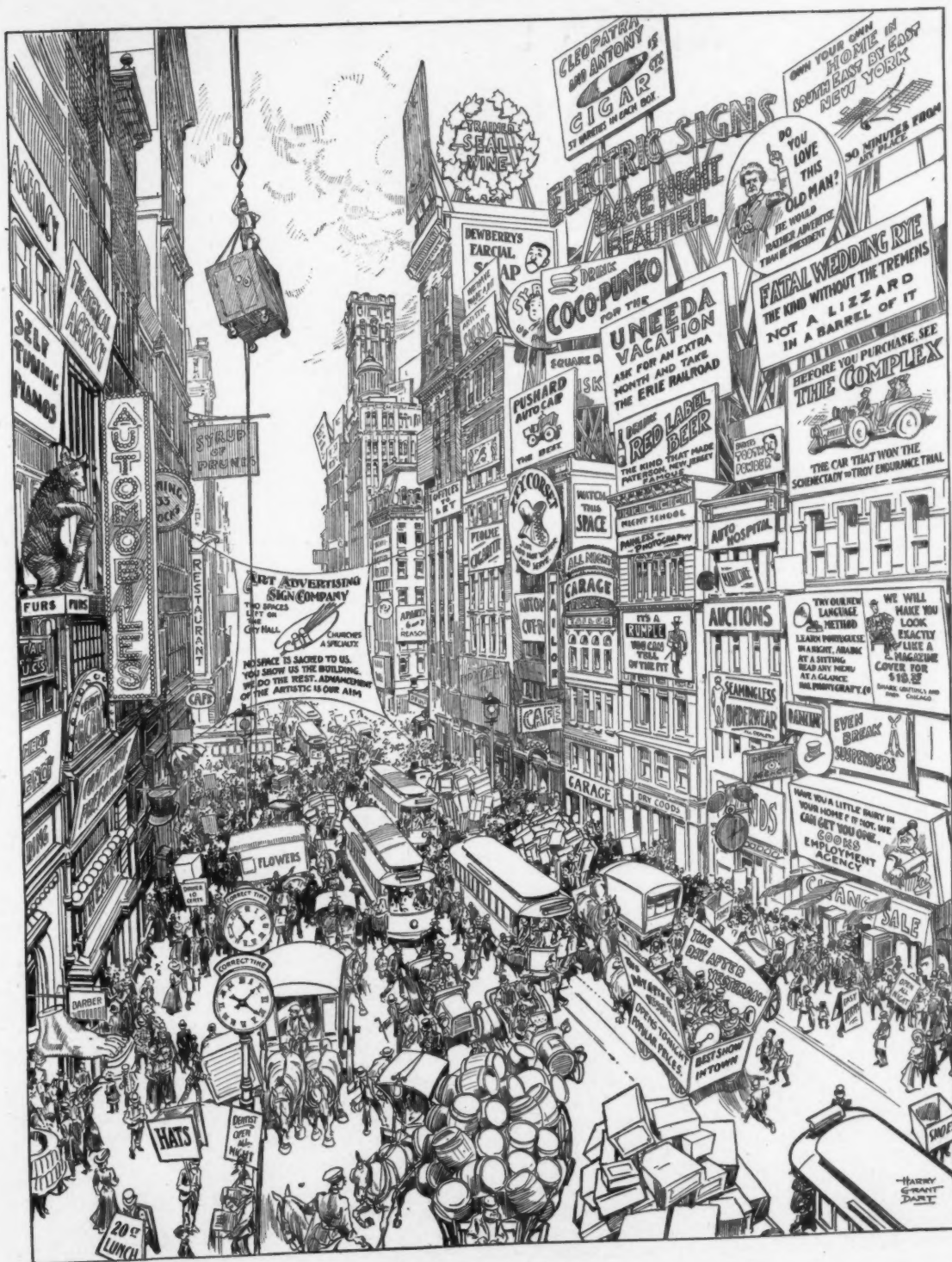
AND so we are able to go to press reasonably certain that before what is here written will be read President Roosevelt will have made good his word, and the Republican Party will have as fit a candidate for President as the party can

produce. Of these two achievements the former is the more important. For that to fail would have been a moral calamity. As for the other, Mr. Taft ought to make a first-rate President, if he is elected. He has the moral and the mental qualifications for that service, the will to do right, unusual knowledge of what is right, unmatched experience in the affairs of our Government, and a temperament in which good-will is blended with legal and judicial training and backed by a powerful mind in a strong body. We like to believe, however, that it is not going to make a vital difference to the country whether the Republicans or the Democrats win this year. Whoever is President and whatever he attempts to do, what we have ahead of us seems to be a period of comparative repose and readjustment. The tariff must be revised, the currency system so tinkered or recast as to satisfy the experts, and those are serious duties. But for the rest we seem to have in store more trying out of experiments now in progress than concocting of new ones.



THE people seem somewhat tired of ripping one another up; less disposed than they have been of late to the inspection of the entrails of the disembowelled, and more disposed toward the bestowal of attention upon feats of personal digestion. They have come to a different temper. Hear Mr. Lincoln Steffens. "We Americans," he says, "have been out on a man hunt. We are crying to have somebody put in jail; to make some individual suffer; and we may, mob-like, catch some victim some day, and we may wreak upon him our hate. I hate this hate and this hunt. I have bayed my bay in it and I am sick of it. I am convinced that if I should follow far enough the human trail I was on I should catch myself."

The feelings that the eminent muckraker thus expresses are spread wide abroad in the land. It is not that we are tired of being good and want to be wicked again, but that we want to have more peace in our lives, and spend a little more of our strength in the profitable pursuit of honest industry, and not quite so large a share of it in tumult and prosecution.



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Acknowledged with Thanks

ONE case bathing suits, from the Y. W. C. A., of Vassar College.
 10 cases Beech-Nut Sauce, the Beech-Nut Packing Company.
 1 gross Sanitol Tooth Powder, Herman C. G. Luyties.
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 1 barrel Gold Medal Flour, the Washburn-Crosby Company.

A Soldier's Message

From One of the Life's Farm Boys Who Are Now Serving in the Philippines.

FRIEND MRS. MOHR

I write you these few lines to let you know that I am having a good time over here in these Islands but I wish I was back in Branchville on Life's Farm but I hope I will go there some day and drink some of the nice milk we did have and go out with the Children and pick apples my but I wish I was back Mrs. Mohr I wrote to Harold and did not get no answer well I guess he is married now and to Bizzy to write well I wish him luck and God Bless him he was my Pal, thats just like the song ain't it Mrs. Mohr the Children is having a good time on the farm now my but how I wish I was there now whot a fine time I wough have well Mrs. Mohr I will have to Shortin this letter and dont forget and give my love to Mr. Mohr and Harold so good by and write soon.

Yours Truly

Manila, P. I., April 27, 1908.

J. J. M.

The Temporizing Hog



ONCE there was a shrewd Hog who succeeded in getting all four feet into the trough, much to the annoyance of the balance of the herd, who were thereby unable to get anything to eat.

After submitting to this treatment for a while, they held a meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon the monopolist and remonstrate with him.

He listened politely to the complaints of the committee and, when they had finished, confided to them the fact that God, in His infinite wisdom, had intrusted the trough to him to do with it as he pleased.

Inasmuch as the herd possessed no positive evidence to controvert this claim, they accepted it as logic and for a while were submissive. At length, however, growing more hungry, they sent another committee to wait upon him.

This time he was just as polite as before. He talked to them in a fatherly way, saying that he realized his responsibility, that he was holding the trough in trust for them and, if they did not disturb him, things were sure to come out all right.

This held them for a little while longer, but while things



AT LIFE'S FARM

READING LETTERS FROM HOME



Cupid: DON'T BE AFRAID, THESE ARE NOT FOREIGN WATERS

All in the Same Boat



THE TITLED PERSON

We bump against him just by chance,
His notice our reward,
He's sour, old, of ill-repute—
But also he's a lord.



TAKES HER PEN IN HAND

This woman writes letters from morning till night,
Every minute she scribbles away.
You know very well from the looks of her face
She couldn't have *that* much to say!

continued to happen, they did not happen in favor of the herd, and so they met a third time and dispatched a committee to the Hog in the trough.

Again he treated them politely and took great pains to explain to them the dilemma he was in. They could not take the trough away from him, he said, for his rights in it had become vested. On the other hand, he could not relinquish it voluntarily, for that would make the rest of the herd objects of charity and thus pauperize them, a consummation devoutly to be shunned.

Once more the committee carried back the report to its constituency and once more the constituency, for a time, accepted the argument of the monopolist as unanswerable.

But, as they grew more and more hungry, they grew more and more restive, and again the committee set out on its monotonous mission, with instructions to state that patience had ceased to be a virtue.

The Hog, who had all of his feet in the trough, spied them from afar and, when they came nearer, he could see that they had blood in their eyes and he racked his brain for some new reason why they should leave him in undisturbed possession of the commissary department. As they came up, a bright idea struck him.

"My friends," quoth he, "I acknowledge that I have done some things which are not quite *au fait*, but they are done now, so I'll tell what I'll do. If you will agree to go away and not bother me any more, I will agree to tell you all the bad things I have done. I will turn State's evidence on myself if you will grant me the customary immunity."

The committee returned with the report to its constituency, only to find that diplomatic negotiations possessed more powers of attenuation than life without food, for there before them was the balance of the herd stretched out on the ground lifeless.

The committee returned to the monopolist and reported the sad news.

"Good enough for them," he remarked, laconically, and heaved a huge sigh of relief. "They were altogether too intemperate and extravagant."
Ellis O. Jones.

TEACHER (*in Sunday-school class*): Who can tell me anything about Abraham?

FIRST SMALL BOY: Used to know, but can't remember now.

TEACHER: Perhaps some one can tell me the name of Abraham's wife.

SECOND SMALL BOY (*promptly*): Mis' Lincoln.

The Quality of Humor



EVERY now and then some English critic arises to inform us that our sense of humor is primitive and crude; that our literature in lighter vein bears much the same relation to the true *vis comica* that the slap-stick and siphon of the vaudeville stage hold to the humor of Molière and Sheridan. The British, it is true, have patronized Mr. Dooley and lionized Mark Twain. Mr. Lang even, though lacking a glossary of American slang, has done his best to understand Ade—emerging from the encounter with an air of amiable and bewildered astonishment. There are times when we have thought that Barrie's popularity in our own country and Bret Harte's vogue abroad had gone far to establish a reciprocal respect and sympathy; that the spectacle of G. B. Shaw (a wit, rather than a humorist) setting the American tea-table in a roar, and Oliver Wendell Holmes still causing the British countenance to relax, might suggest to the dispassionate mind that English and American humor are rooted in the same intellectual soil.



Andersson
A CORPORATION COUNSEL

From this dream of international comprehension we are awakened by the London *Graphic's* summary of fundamental distinctions. It seems that the salient characteristic of American humor is its "dissociation from culture," its identity with the ignorant buffooneries of writers like Bill Nye and Josh Billings. The Americans "who have got hold of culture make it hum with the unimpeachable solemnity of a top." There never has been an American Matthew Arnold; there is not now an American Andrew Lang. "Instead," remarks the *Graphic*, "we have the reviewers of the *Nation* and Prof. William James, of Harvard."

This criticism is arbitrary and misleading and gives rise to the suspicion that the critic is unfamiliar with American literature. He says that Matthew Arnold "bubbled over with fun," and was sometimes rebuked for flippancy. Yet the most side-splitting passages in Arnold's collected works surely contain no greater appeal to the risibilities than the casual reader may encounter in "The Principles of Psychology" (unabridged edition) by Prof. William James. It has remained for an American to make this profound subject entertaining, and why its author should be coupled with the solemn "reviewers of the *Nation*" is quite beyond our grasp. And then there is Professor Lounsbury, of Yale. The *Graphic* needs to make his acquaintance. Three years have passed since his "Standard of Pronunciation in English" established his title as a humorist of the highest order; and now comes his "Standard of Usage in English" (Harpers), none the less sprightly in style and inferior in humor to his earlier book only because the later subject affords him fewer opportunities. The "split infinitive" would not seem to be rich in possibilities of "bubbling fun"; but Professor Lounsbury does not hesitate to enter the lists with Mr. Lang, in defense of the locution, and we doubt if anything to be found in Matthew Arnold's poems or essays is more mirth-provoking.

It can hardly be contended, however, that the humor provided by Arnold, James and Lounsbury is inexhaustible. Their purpose, in the main, has been a serious one. The comic vein threads the solid rock of their learning like a streak of gold in quartz. To enjoy it you must mine and mill the rock. And this seriousness of purpose prompts another reflection, to wit: If we were asked to indicate the American humorists who are not merely ephemeral or journalistic, our list of names would for the most part be a record of writers whose humor was either a by-product or so interwoven with sentiment or scholarship or the web of creative imagi-

nation that we hesitate to label them as comedians. It is so from the very beginning—ever since Diedrich Knickerbocker gave an impulse to the waves of inextinguishable laughter; ever since Bayard Taylor, in the higher criticism of poetic parody, created the "Echo Club." It is true, also, of Dr. Holmes. It is true of Mr. Howells—in his essays, of course—whose humor has the literary tang of a gentle but pervading irony. Mark Twain at his best is a serious writer of tremendous power. As a professional humorist he often shocks and saddens us; it is on the heads of American readers that they have refused to take him seriously. He does not, to be sure, stagger under a load of culture; but neither did Dickens, for that matter.

We would like to introduce the *Graphic* critic and his kind to a number of American humorists not entirely "dissociated from culture"—to Owen Wister, Eugene Field, H. C. Bunner, Mrs. Wharton. Of our humorists pure and simple, Frank Stockton was no buffoon. Joel Chandler Harris would hardly be linked with Nye or Billings. Mr. Dooley may not drip book learning, but he exudes the universal philosophy, and we are prepared to pit him against any living professor.

Unfortunately, it is not always the highest form of humor—but oftener the more obvious and boisterous—that gains the recognition of the crowd and comes to be regarded as a characteristic American product. The *Graphic* is not alone in confusing two kinds of humor—the journalistic and ephemeral, of which George Ade is the most delightful living exponent, and the kind we have indicated as being commonly a by-product. "Chimmie Fadden," for example, has no relation to literature; no more has the quaint but overestimated Artemus Ward. It happens that in the United States, to-day, humor allied to literature is incidental and concomitant (as in Wister, Lounsbury and others); just as in England it balances the sentiment of Barrie, widens the range of Kipling and lightens (as in "Love and Mr. Lewisham") the sober talent of Wells. In either land the humorist of the first rank is as rare as the poet, and we cannot see why our lesser comedians should be singled out as instances of our humoristic depravity.

W. T. L.

BICKER: Doing wrong is simply following the line of least resistance.

KNOCKER: Yes, it's as easy as falling off the Decalogue.

CHARITY begins at home, and generally ends there.



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

In its issue of July 10, 1902, LIFE published this picture. We are republishing it for the benefit of our readers. We are doing this in advance of the Fourth of July, hoping it may have an effect.



A Correspondent Answered

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

One of your correspondents a few weeks ago would have us infer that the harm done by vaccination is largely if not entirely imaginary. If he had said that of the good done by the practice I might have accepted his statement, but any one who lived in Towanda, Pa., some ten years ago, and knew a deaf-mute hunchback (name given below), knew a man whose infirmities were due to vaccination, as well-attested evidence shows. This is only worthy of mention as one of the many cases which I can get your correspondent.

Very truly yours,

D. H. CHILDS.

Name of cripple was James Elliott.
Alfred, N. Y., May 19, 1908.

One Who Wants to Know

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—In your last issue I notice an interesting quotation from "James H. Payne, M.D." Who is the man, anyway? And where was he educated? One who has an M.D. degree and who says he never saw any good in vivisection, or words to that effect, is certainly a wonder and it would interest students of medicine all over the country to know what kind of a school he attended and what kind of texts he used.

W. H. HOLMES.

Ann Arbor, Mich., June 4, 1908.

Bits From a California Letter

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

God bless your efforts in behalf of the dumb animals. In my estimation the wrong dogs are on the dissecting table.

I am pleased to note one magazine not afraid to come to the rescue of man's best friend.

Very truly yours,

FRANK DUMONT.

Manager Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, Pa.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 28, 1908.

College-Bred Girls

FROM the New York Sun:

Soon there will be a college-bred girl for every college-bred man.—President M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr.

How soon?

From the Baltimore News:

Soon, according to President Hadley, there will be a college girl for every man. And then what will happen to our digestions?

Is it to be understood that Presidents Hadley and Thomas are agreed in this expectation that there will soon be enough college girls to go around on a basis of one to each college man?

"The Latest News"

Or, History Rewritten by a Modern Newspaper Man

WASHINGTON'S GREAT FEAT

CROSSED THE DELAWARE LAST NIGHT AMID INTENSE EXCITEMENT

Ice Not in It with George

LAST night, with the air colder than a Harlem Flat, our army got over the Delaware.

George Washington, the hero of the hour, had on a uniform that looked as if it had been reorganized by the Directors of the Metropolitan Street Railway.

The Delaware never felt worse. It gave George the frozen face all right.

Our army was fully three hours in getting over. Not a sound was heard save the clink of the ice in the river.

When seen this morning General Washington said:

"I" — — —

(Continued on the 111th page, 18th col., about 402 lines down from top, next to Racing News.)



"SEEMS TO ME, FEATHERS, THIS IS A VERY LATE SPRING"





· LIFE ·

In Their Earlier Years



MR. HARRY WOODRUFF IN 1897



JOSEF HOFMANN IN THE EARLY NINETIES



THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR
IN 1865

3. Twenty-one **HEART THROBS!**
No other extra had more than **TWELVE!**

4. A complete psychological analysis
of the murderer's motives, with elaborate
charts! **OUR PSYCHOLOGISTS**
WERE ON THE SPOT!
BUY THE FIT!



MME. HELENA MODJESKA IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES

Enterprise!

(From the Daily Fit)

WE DON'T believe in boasting unless we have something to boast of!

The Fit had definitely, absolutely and positively the first extra in the street on the occasion of the epochal murder this morning. In that extra were:

1. The names of the parties spelled only four different ways! Other extras from ten to twenty minutes later spelled the names as many as nine different ways! Think of it! Nine!

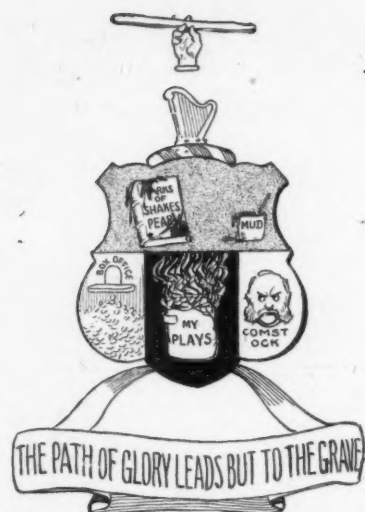
2. A complete description of the costume of the murdered woman, with the exception of some of the underwear, and that was not attributable to our lack of enterprise, but to the interference of stupid officials! **OUR COSTUME REPORTERS WERE ON THE SPOT!**



NAPOLEON III, THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND THE PRINCE
IMPERIAL IN 1866

Who's What

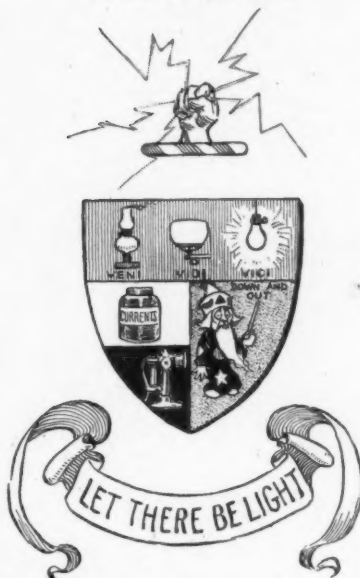
In and Out of America



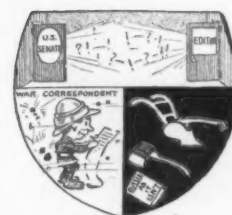
Shaw, Bernard.—A Celtic gentleman who attained prominence as a writer of language arranged for the stage. Was born in Ireland, raised in England and copyrighted in America. He took up, in turn, every cherished institution, and having clubbed it into insensibility was applauded until he ran out of material. Now he is waiting for more cherished institutions to grow. His favorite flower is the nettle. Principal occupation, praising himself and pooh-poohing Shakespeare. Motto, "The Path of Glory Leads but to the Grave." Address the Suburbs of Westminster Abbey. (Use the knocker.)

Expensive

THE multimillionaire threw up his hands in despair. "Everything," he protested, "is so high, these days! The endowment of a university of the first class hardly suffices to purchase me a dozen kind words. I doubt if ever, in all the history of the world, a comfortable living cost so much as now."



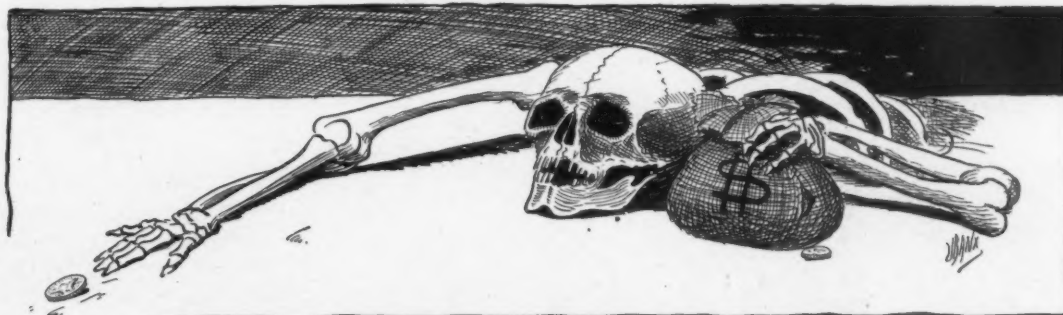
Edison, Thomas.—A celebrated lighting change artist with a shocking past, a vibrating present and a (let us hope) storage battery future. This young man has made it possible for us to elude our relatives and to listen to the music of total strangers. He is not the only and original wirepuller, but by means of wires he has made hot waves and reading in bed a continuous possibility. He is the author of the most brilliant works of the age, and has shed more light on dark subjects than any other of his contemporaries. His favorite fruit is currents, his favorite recreation is smoking Christian Science cigars and his favorite motto is, "Let There Be Light. And There Was." In this he only has had one competitor. Address, any switchboard.



Beveridge, Albert J.—A magazine writer, war correspondent, all-around prophet, and incidentally Senator from Indiana. This young gentleman is a Pooh-Bah by inclination and is the only living competitor of the Teddybear in meddling with other people's affairs. The only person in the country smarter than himself is the New York District Attorney. As a historian he never waits for events to happen, but writes them beforehand himself, thus avoiding the annoyance of confining oneself to facts. His principal occupation is doing all things for all men. Author of "Russia as It Isn't," "How to Succeed by Talking." He is also at present rewriting the Constitution of the United States. Favorite flower, narcissus.

Deluded

"BRIDGET, wasn't that policeman making love to you in the kitchen, last night?"
"He *thot* he was, mum."



EVEN UNTO DEATH

FANCY PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN FINANCIER

The last Jew

A Prayer

"LIFE is a game," so I've heard old men say.
Then give me cards. I only ask to play
A round or two, just long enough to get
A taste of what it's like, and to forget,
(Plunged in the fever-passion of it all)
No matter how luck runs, there is a call.

And when the final show-down comes, I ask
For nerve to go unflinching to the last;
Then silently to cash my checks, as one
Who, having had his fling at fate, is done;
Content to know that in his little store
Is all he borrowed from the bank—and more.

Robert V. Hoffman.

Being an Idealist

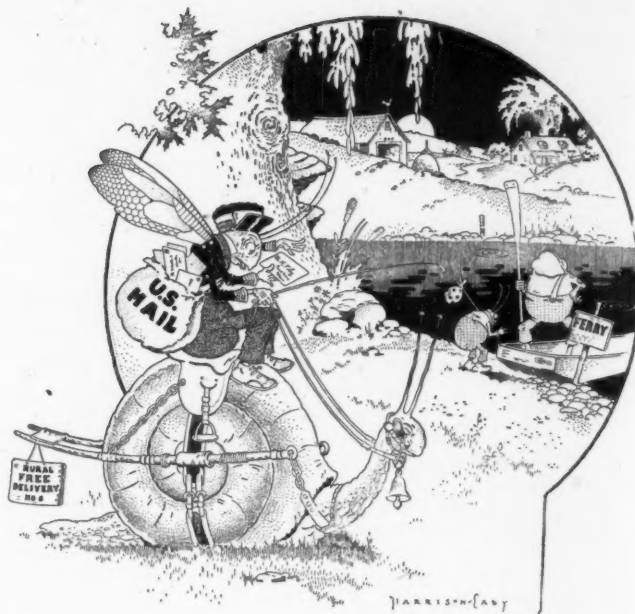
The Idealistic position in philosophy is in reality very simple. It means this: That the world, so far as I know it, exists only as my idea, as a state of consciousness. This table is not a table. It is only a sensuous formula which I call a table. And so on of everything, my own body, my friends etc. There are in reality only two things: Myself (my ego) and my states of consciousness (my non ego).—From a recent text book.

I AROSE this morning with my Ego, as usual, feeling first-rate. After I had arrayed my Ego for business, I proceeded to examine my Non Ego. I have to keep pinching myself all the time to remind myself that my Non Ego is after all nothing but the Universe masking under my own consciousness. And even this has no objective validity, don't you know, for pinching myself is only stimulating a certain set of sensations referable to another state of consciousness.

Ah, well, it's all in the NOW. For, of course, there isn't anything else but a NOW. When I was in that synthetic Unity called Yesterday (which is in itself only a part of the NOW) I was under the strange impression there was a WHAT and a THAT. A mere illusion: I must go over my Transcendental Dialectic again in order to understand this better.

As I went down to that condition of pure phenomenal empiricism I call breakfast, my wife (who poses under the form of a stern reality, but is nothing but a noumenon or a particular state of consciousness which assumes a peculiar form, changing in its apparent aspect from mild, gentle, to ferocious and voluble) explained to me with tears in her eyes that the supposed entity we call the cook (an ontological term standing for a variable phenomenon) had been drinking all my best brandy.

Now, what had happened, or rather, that particular disturbance of my conscious Non Ego which had been evolved from previous conditions, was, that a particular state of consciousness had encroached, as it were, upon another state. This



MR. BUG (the mail carrier): Gee! I wish people would be a little more explicit with their spelling. Here's a letter marked H. Fly and I'll be blamed if I know whether it's for that humble Mr. Horse Fly in the stable or that haughty Mr. House Fly in the cottage.

naturally had impinged upon my Ego, with the result that, speaking from a basely materialistic standpoint, we were both in danger of our lives. For at this point in time (an *a priori* form or Ego) the phenomenon in question appeared, brandishing a carving-knife which, indeed, had no objective existence. Nevertheless, I felt distinct evidences of the phenomena of shuddering. In less time than it takes to tell I had shifted my conscious state from that of dining-room to a police station, my wife (hysterical noumenon) following me in a synthetic disunion.

In effect this was really a synchronization, although referable apparently to two separate conditions.

I merely mention the whole event (a synthetic evolution) to show the supreme advantage of being an Idealist, over those who are merely common Dualists or Realists. For when I was called a mouse-colored coward for running away from my wife, it was only necessary for me to appreciate the great truth that this was in effect only a charge preferred against one state of my consciousness by another.

Thus my Ego became normal; and even threatened proceedings for divorce have no meaning for me, as they are easily quite resolvable into other states of consciousness which have no objective validity.

I confess, however (doubtless a weakness), that it seems hard on my Ego to have to take its meals at a restaurant, even though this is a phenomenon.

Thomas L. Masson.

BRIGGS: Was the hotel crowded with young girls?
GRIGGS: Yes! But not half so much as I was.



BUGBEARS

THE BACHELOR FRIEND WHO TELLS YOUR BRIDE WHAT A GAY DOG YOU USED TO BE



A MAN OF LETTERS

When Mr. Cyrus Watterhouse grew wealthy from his slaughterhouse,

He gave to Shellback College twenty thousand right away. So the Faculty rewarded him with honor, and accorded him The pedagogic title, "Cyrus Watterhouse, M.A."

When he merged his corporation with the Pressed Beef Combination,

He consigned a million extra to the College; so you see Grand old Shellback's Dons of Learning, tainted money never spurning.

Stretched his name to "Cyrus Watterhouse, M.A. and Ph.D."

Next, when Cyrus showed his nature and bought out a Legislature

For the Sausage Trust, the College got five millions, title free. And the Faculty's requital was another whacking title,

This time, "Watterhouse, B.S., M.D., Ph.D., LL.D."

Well, ere Cyrus took to liquor, every time he made a dicker

He endowed the College more and added on some letters new, Till his check-book looked pathetic when he signed that alphabetic

"M.A., B.S., O.K., Ph.D., LL.D., P.D.Q."

But at last of honors tiring, when poor Cyrus lay expiring,

On his will he wrote the following, and settled down to die: "Gents, please don't misunderstand me—take my coin, but don't you hand me

Any more o' that fool Alphabet!

Yours very simply,

Cy."

—Everybody's.

"A MAN has to draw it fine these days."

"What do you mean?"

"Staying ten minutes after office hours each day will probably make a good impression, but staying fifteen is liable to excite suspicion that you are monkeying with your books."—*Kansas City Journal*.

A WOMAN on the train entering Grand Rapids asked the conductor how long the cars stopped at Union station.

He replied: "Madam, we stop just four minutes, from two to two to two two."

The woman turned to her companion and said: "I wonder if he thinks he's the whistle on the engine."—*Outdoor Life*.

HEREDITY

"What is heredity?"

"Blaming it on the monkey."—*Sun*.



"THIS DIABOLO GAME BEATS ANYTHING WE EVER TRIED TO PLEASE THE BABIES!"

A CLEVER GIRL

DYER: Don't you think she has a mobile face?

RYER: Naturally. She's an auto enthusiast.—*The Wasp*.

"I WANT to make a gift to Miss Passay," said Dumley. "I wonder what sort of animal she'd prefer for a pet?"

"A man," promptly suggested Miss Knox.—*Philadelphia Press*.

HARD TO LOSE

It later dawns upon the mind
Of him who holds such views
That mates for souls, though hard to find,
Are harder still to lose. —*Chicago News*.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDING

"I had to leave my last situation because the missus said they were going to lead the sinful life, and they wouldn't want any servants about the place."—*Bellman*.

"MR. WHITTLESY," said the city editor to the new reporter, "there's to be a meeting of the trustees at the public library building this evening at 8 o'clock. You may go and cover it. Make a story of about four hundred words out of it."

The new reporter went away on his assignment, and the chief of the local department turned again to his desk, made an entry in the assignment book that lay before him and dismissed the matter from his mind. About eleven o'clock, however, he suddenly called out:

"Where's Whittlesy?"

"Here, sir," answered that young man, coming forward.

"I sent you to a board meeting at the public library. Where's your story?"

"It isn't quite finished yet. You told me to make four hundred words of it, and I've got only a little over three hundred so far."

"What did they do?"

"They met, called the roll and adjourned until next Tuesday evening."—*Independent*.

WOMAN-SUFFRAGE ADVOCATE (to Speaker Cannon): I maintain that woman has always been the prime factor in this world.

UNCLE JOE (blandly): Oh, I don't know. In the very beginning woman was only a side issue.—*Exchange*.

THE scientists are finding out many things about ancient nations, some of which may be true and some not. Inference is often advanced as fact. Guesses grow into possibilities, and possibilities into probabilities and probabilities into certainty. Dr. M. G. Kyle tells a story which illustrates one method of argument. An Assyriologist boasted to an Egyptologist that "the Assyrians understood electric telegraphy because we have found wire in Assyria." "Oh," said the other, "we have not found a scrap of wire in Egypt, therefore we know the Egyptians understood wireless telegraphy."—*Home Herald*.

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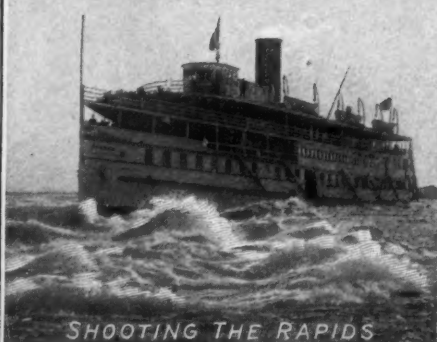
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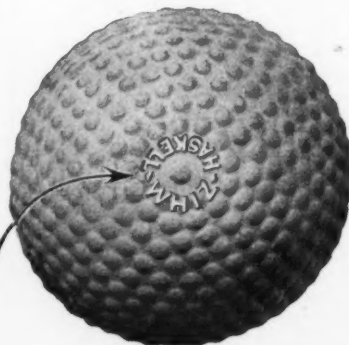


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NO USE BOTHERING

An engineer from Sunderland was spending a few days in London with a friend, and after a busy morning sightseeing the Londoner chose a large restaurant for luncheon, thinking it would be a novel experience for the man from the North.

The visitor appeared to enjoy his luncheon, but kept looking in the direction of the door.

"What are you watching?" asked his friend, rather annoyed.

"Well," was the quiet reply, "A's keepin' an eye on ma topcoat."

"Oh, don't bother about that," said the other. "You don't see me watching mine."

"No," observed the guileless engineer, "there has no call to. It's ten minutes sin thine went."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Yours for a *delightful and healthful* vacation. The Delaware & Hudson Co. Send 6 cents postage for 300-page illus. guide, Adirondacks, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Saratoga Springs, Sharon Springs, to A. A. Heard, G. P. A. Albany, N. Y.

A HARD MAN TO MOVE

General Andrew Jackson's colored body-servant was asked after Old Hickory's death whether he thought his master had gone to heaven and promptly replied, "I ain't jist so sho 'bout dat, sir."

"Why, wasn't the general a good man?"

"Yes, sah, he was a very good man."

"Well, then, if he was such a good man why aren't you sure he has gone to heaven?"

"It all depends, sah," the old darky answered, "on wheddar de general wanted to go to heaven or wheddar he didn't want to go dar. Ef he did, he's dar, but ef he didn't, all hell couldn't make him go!"—*Scrap Book*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

HAD 'EM ALL

General Samuel Veazie, of Bangor, built the first railroad in Maine and also founded the Veazie National Bank, which is doing business to-day in the city of Bangor. General Veazie had occasion to visit Boston once, and made the trip by the circuitous means of transportation used in those early days, by stage, railroad and steamboat. He arrived in Boston in the evening, and went to the old Tremont House for the night. All he had with him was an old carpetbag, and as he was unknown to the clerk, he was informed that, having no baggage, he would be expected to pay in advance.

"All right," said he, reaching into his inside pocket. He drew out a pocketbook and took therefrom a \$1,000 bill of his bank. The clerk took it, got out his bank detector, and looked up the standing of the Bangor institution. In a moment he came back and said: "That bank has issued but three bills of that denomination."

"Yes," said the general, "and if that one is not enough for you here's the other two," and he laid the bills before the eyes of the astonished clerk.—*Washington Herald*.

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PESSIMISM

- Mental dyspepsia.
- The stepmother of despair.
- Moral blindness boasting of its clear vision.
- Poisoning the waters of another's hope.
- The kindergarten stage of atheism.
- Viewing life as a proofreader, with eyes trained to see only error.
- Universal suspicion on the rampage.
- Mental color blindness that sees only black.
- Living in an atmosphere of sneer, snarl and sarcasm.
- Dissecting a nightingale to prove it has no song.

—*Sunday Magazine*.

A LADY, accompanied by her small son, was making various purchases at the Army and Navy Stores in London. The boy grew tired.

"Who are you buying those for?" he asked.

"Why, for father," was the reply.

"Father in heaven, or father in India?" the boy persisted.

The lady mentioned the remark to a friend, who, thinking it amusing, repeated it to an Englishwoman at church a few days later. The Englishwoman listened sympathetically. "Poor woman," she sighed, "she was married twice."—*Everybody's*.

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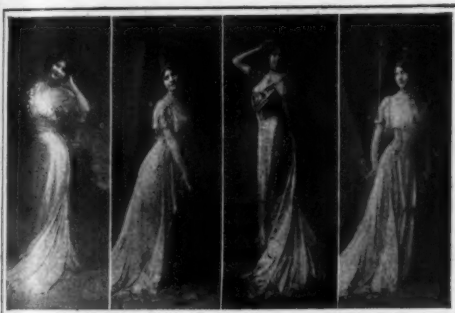
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**A Remarkable Statement from
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In the "Chronicle and Comment" Department of the June Bookman appears the following review:

"It is not our fault that a copy of 'The Silent War,' by Mr. John Ames Mitchell, of LIFE, has only within a few days fallen into our hands. The book was published more than a year ago, yet we never heard of it until a friend spoke to us about it. He was not in sympathy with it and called it 'a most adroit and dangerous book.' Inquiry reveals the fact that many persons are now reading it, having learned of its existence through the comments of their friends. This is the very best sort of advertising that any book can have. It is slow in making itself felt, but in time it acquires a momentum such as no amount of printed advertising and booming can ever give. Mr. Mitchell has done nothing so good since he wrote 'Amos Judd' a long while ago. But what most interests us is the apparent evidence that there has been a systematic attempt made to check the circulation of this book, and, if possible, to suppress it. To malefactors of great wealth it certainly must appear to be both 'adroit and dangerous,' and we can well understand how our muzzled press should refrain from mentioning it. It is cast in the form of a novel, and therefore Mr. Mitchell might declare that he was merely letting his imagination play around some too well-known and thoroughly discreditable facts which every one discerns in American social and financial conditions of to-day. Some might call the story a plea for anarchy. We do not intend to tell the story here. Regarded merely as a story, it is of absorbing interest. The touch of mystery about it, the 'creepiness' of some of its scenes, and the pitiless logic of its facts rouse the thoughtful reader to a pitch of intense excitement. All the same, the book is a book to be read and pondered very seriously, the more so because such obvious attempts have been made to strangle it and keep it from the knowledge of the public."

Whether it is true or not that the moneyed interests have attempted to suppress "The Silent War," copies of the book will be sent post paid on receipt of price (\$1.50) by Life Publishing Company, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

LIFE'S Marriage Contest

Men

No. 5

O, "Jolly Sport," whose brown eyes ravish mine,
I pray you let me share your happiness or woe.
Who cares for wealth!—when both our hearts incline
To love the things more worth our while to know?

No. 3

Dear Millionaire, by honor led,
'Tis not your wealth I fain would wed,
But that you rather more incline
To views of life which mate with mine.

Women

No. 3

Oh, merry widow, come to me.
To ease I do incline.
No more a captain I would be,
Twelve thousand per for mine.

No. 3

Oh, lady fair, your heart so rare, by frugal spirit led,
Your temper sweet and income neat, I'd rapturously wed.
I pray thee, dear, my praises hear, and turn not far from me.
For if I could I gladly would your one incumbance be.



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Thus, while its beauty and luxury appeal to women, its everyday efficiency has a particular fascination for busy men,—who want to step into a car that is ready to go—and keep on going—at all times.

Light the lamps and start off; your evening's recreation is at hand,—return when you will.

You cannot buy more efficiency with more money; you cannot buy Oldsmobile efficiency with less; it is "the logical car at the logical price."

Model M, fully equipped, \$2,750

Model MR, "Flying Roadster," fully equipped, \$2,750

Model Z, Six Cylinders, 130 inch wheel base, \$4,200

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